Share A Smoke

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/36562393.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Beverly Katz
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Different First Meeting, Hannibal Lecter is Not a Cannibal, Sassy Will Graham, Alternate Universe - College/University, well like grad school, these hoes smoke weed, normal au brainrot, Hannibal Lecter is a Little Shit, hannibal loves weed (as he should), Will Graham & Beverly Katz Friendship, Gay Will Graham, Gay Hannibal Lecter, Strangers to Lovers
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-01-21 Completed: 2023-09-25 Words: 3,141 Chapters: 3/3

Share A Smoke

by Taka05

Summary

Will Graham doesn't appreciate his roommate Beverly Katz throwing parties when he needs to study. Will Graham really doesn't appreciate strangers coming and asking him for a lighter during said parties.

(Grad school AU HannibalxWill lol)

Notes

Hello. First Hannibal fic yayyyyyyy. Scary. I am just testing the water with this so like here is a little bit and I will probably add more later. Basically what if Hannibal is not in fact a cannibal (he is still weird...European...jk) but instead is a grad student that meets Will at a house party. Possible likely direction is strangers to lovers with a touch of friend aND enemies to lovers in there too. Maybe smut later but not in first chap (sorry to any horny mofo that sees this) . ANYWAY, uh. Enjoy. Hopefully it is decent and a little fun.

Chapter 1

“Hey!” Will yelled over the loudspeakers blaring upstairs, of course Beverly had to have a party during finals week, “You can’t come down here."

The backlit figure continued confidently down the stairs, venturing further in Will’s space in the basement. Will had been trying to sleep before the commotion had woke him up, he stood at the end of the stairs feeling naked in just his thin boxers, half-blind without his glasses. The only thing he could deduce was that the figure was not drunk, no one could move that smoothly drunk.

“The party is upstairs, asshole.” Will muttered to himself as what he now identified was a man, dropped off the final step and into Will’s domain.

“Apologies,” The man’s voice was low and carried a slight accent, and he had definitely heard Will call him an asshole, “do you have a light?”

Now close, Will squinted and could make out a bit more about the man even in the dim light. He was taller than Will by quite a bit, and he was wearing clothes that Will believed *had* to be expensive. Business casual? At a party. Really?

“Job interview?” Will wondered aloud, taking his time in a response, gaze still focused exclusively on the man’s clothes, his shirt, his pants.

“No,” Will could hear the man smile, “been sleeping?”

Will cautiously but quickly looked up, *Jesus*, Will thought, *who knew Beverly had such hot friends*?

“A light?” The man asked, still smiling, Will was trying to place the accent.

“Yes, sleeping,” Will’s eyes had dropped back to the man's clothes, “and I would like to get back to that, thanks.”

“I’ll leave you alone if I could use a lighter, Will.” The man pulled a thin hand-rolled joint from his pants pocket and turned it between two of his long fingers, explaining his need.

Will returned his gaze to the man’s face at the mention of his own name, his eyes sharp, more awake than he had been before. He retrieved a lighter from his room, it was the kind with the long neck, for lighting candles, but it was fire.

“You know Beverly?” Will asked, handing over the lighter before crossing his arms over his bare chest.

“Yes,” the man lit the joint effortlessly, like the odd long neck of the lighter was no obstacle for him, he took a quick puff and exhaled, “my name is Hannibal Lecter. You’re Will Graham, Beverly speaks of you fondly.”

“She doesn’t talk about you.” Will countered, watching the man, Hannibal, as he continued to smoke.

“Mm,” Hannibal considered as he exhaled, “I wouldn’t expect her to, we’re simply colleagues, not roommates.”

“You said you’d leave if I gave you a lighter.”

“No, Will, I said I would *leave you alone*. I did not say I would leave. You do not have to return my conversation.” Hannibal smiled at his wording and walked past Will, deeper into the basement. Will rolled his eyes before turning to track Hannibal as he examined the small room at the end of the stairs.

Will had a couch, some books, no TV. He had some fishing rods in the corner. Hannibal sat on the couch, leaning back into it comfortably, like he had not just barged in uninvited.

“You fish, Will? Not into wildlife conservation are you?” Hannibal turned his head to Will from the couch, eyes beckoning Will to come closer, “A lot of people study that here, you know.”

“I’m in the same program as Beverly,” Will slowly walked over and stood in front of the couch, “different concentration.”

“Mm. Forensics, justice. How noble of you,” The joint was dwindling and Hannibal extended it to Will, “interested?”

“It’s weed, right?”

“Cannabis, yes. I will say, it is a wonderfully aromatic strain.” Hannibal’s hand remained held out in offering.

“Yeah it fucking stinks.” Will said, reaching down and taking the joint. He had smoked a few times before, never cared about a particular smell.

“Sit.” Hannibal was smiling, his voice casual in tone, but commanding in nature.

Will moved to the couch and sat next to Hannibal. They passed the joint back and forth to one another, wordlessly continuing to smoke as the room grew a bit hazy. Will leaned into the couch. The light from upstairs did not fill the entire room and Will watched as the smoke drifted into the light and then back into the dark again. Hannibal watched Will.

“It’s loud.” Will finally said after some time, abruptly sitting up from his relaxed position on the couch.

“It is rather strong-” Hannibal began, taking the word ‘loud’ as slang for the strength of the weed.

“No,” Will shook his head, dark eyebrows furrowing, “the party.”

“Ah,” Hannibal slowly sat up from the couch, his posture considerably better than Will’s, who was hunched over like a gargoyle, “perhaps I’ll take my leave then. You can return to your room.”

“No.” Will replied quickly, “I mean, what will that do? Muffle it?”

“Yes.”

“Mm. Right. Do you have any more of that?” Will turned towards Hannibal and gestured towards the now tiny joint.

Will’s room was small but comfortable, it felt warm even with the small space heater in the corner turned off. Hannibal shut the door behind them once they had entered, they could still hear the commotion above, but it was indeed muffled. They sat on the edge of Will’s bed.

Will lit Lecter’s second joint, which was as neatly assembled as the first one. Will admired the craftsmanship and wondered if Hannibal would be any good at tying lures. The long necked lighter was awkward and unwieldy to work with one hand, but Will eventually got it, and the pair continued to smoke.

“I never get *this* high.” Will announced, holding a hand up in protest when Hannibal attempted to pass the joint back to Will.

Hannibal paused and then continued to smoke on his own, he exhaled, “Lightweight? I had assumed otherwise. I must’ve been mistaken”

“*I must’ve been mistaken*.” Will sarcastically mocked, snatching the joint from Hannibal’s hand, fingertips nearly brushing Hannibal’s face. Will took a long drag of the joint, a childish and somewhat naïve attempt to prove himself opposite of what Lecter had said.

In a move that even surprised Will himself, Will took Hannibal’s face in his free hand, and defiantly blew the smoke into his face. Hannibal did not flinch at the act, in fact, he welcomed the smoke, inhaling through his nose and mouth alike.

Will’s hand lingered on Hannibal’s face. Hannibal was not smiling, but he didn’t seem upset either. Will found Hannibal unreadable, it was not only uncommon, it was exciting.

Before Will could drop his hand Hannibal was pulling Will in. Will briefly considered that Hannibal was going to hurt him before their mouths met and Will squeezed his eyes shut. The kiss was hungry and tasted like ash.

Although Hannibal had pulled them together, Will found himself pushing forward, the skin of his chest making contact with Hannibal’s stupid expensive clothes. Seconds before retreating from the kiss, Hannibal dug his teeth into Will's lip, biting hard enough to draw blood.

Hannibal pulled away from Will licking his teeth and smiling. Will was smiling too, although he also seemed a bit shocked, blood coating his mouth as salvia spread the effect of the small puncture.

"Difficult to avoid." Lecter shrugged.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

More of this thing!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal didn't stay long but returned to the party before ultimately saying his goodbyes to Katz and his friends. Will, still sitting with a lingering high, went back to bed thinking about the strange interaction and, of course, the kiss.

"Will?" Beverly's voice rang through the house, "Will, have you seen my laptop?"

"Huh?" Will groaned, groggily sitting up in his bed, wiping sleep from his face.

"Will!" Will took a moment to realize it was morning, and Beverly was now pounding on the door to his bedroom.

"One second," Will mumbled, grabbing a shirt off the floor and pulling it on quickly, moving to open the door, "What?"

"Jeez, did I wake you up? It's almost noon." Beverly commented, briefly dropping her hurried attitude.

Before Will could even respond she snapped back into the rush, asking again if he had seen her laptop, to which Will responded that no, he had not seen the laptop. Ten minutes later both Will and Beverly were upstairs, unfortunately still searching for the stupid lost laptop.

"You know, I've never understood the whole 'hair of the dog' thing, the smell in here alone could make me puke." Beverly lamented as she took the cushions off the couch in what seemed to be an increasingly desperate search.

The living room was littered with the usual cups and bottles, general trash, and, of course, a sour alcohol smell bad enough to burn the hairs out of your nose.

"Are you hungover?" Beverly asked, she was most definitely hungover.

"Mmm, no," Will was shuffling around the other side of the room, avoiding trash, "I stayed downstairs."

“Thought I’d ask, sometimes you just kinda sneak around, so I thought maybe you’d came up.”

“What? Sneak around? I don’t *sneak around*, that’s absurd.” Will’s response was one part jokingly offended and another, smaller part, offended.

“It’s not bad or anything,” Beverly continued, “I just mean sometimes you do stuff, and I don’t know until later.”

“Isn’t that just how roommates work?” Will countered, too tired to be dealing with the missing laptop and whatever this conversation was.

“Oh god,” Beverly abruptly laughed before pausing, “I just found a condom.”

“Gross,” Will walked over to inspect it, and yeah, it was in fact a recently used condom, “Your mess.”

“Hey! It wasn’t mine!” Beverly exclaimed, now pushing it with the toe of her sneaker.

“Sure, but it wasn’t my friends who left it.” Will returned to searching for the laptop, figuring the sooner it was found, the sooner he could go back to lying down.

“How do you know it was my friends?” Will baited Beverly with a long pause, waiting until she looked at him, and once she did, he pulled his best *‘I don't know I’m pretty sure it was your party that I did not even attend’* face. Beverly got the message and just sighed, walked to the kitchen, and got a paper towel so she could pick up and dispose of the damn thing.

“Last night wasn’t too bad, right? Worth the gift card at least?” Beverly had bribed Will with a PetSmart gift card in order to throw a party, and Will took it like a cheap whore.

“Not too bad.”

“Shame you didn’t get to meet my friends, they’re obviously real class,” Beverly said, holding the condom with an outstretched arm as if it was supporting evidence.

“I met one,” Will’s eyes tracked Beverly as she made her way to the trash, “hopefully he wasn’t the condom guy.”

“Who was it?”

“Some guy named Hannibal.” Will answered, watching Beverly's expression change as he said the name.

“Oh, Hannibal,” Beverly laughed a little to herself, “honestly he could’ve been the condom guy; did he try to kiss you?”

“What?”

“I’m just kidding, but yeah, he is kinda known for turning straight dudes.” Beverly had now returned to her search of the living room, somehow entirely missing that all the color had drained from Will’s face.

“Turning?” Will asked.

“Yeah like turning guys gay, honestly I don’t even know if he’s gay. He probably is, I guess.”

“Well, don't just assume I'm straight.” Will attempted to joke.

"Fair, are you?"

"Oh, yeah I am. Just joking."

"Hannibal didn't try to kiss you, right?"

"He just asked for a lighter." Internally, Will was reeling a bit. Hannibal had kissed him just to toy with him, and boy it had worked.

“Ah hah!” Beverly ignored Will and instead reached under a loveseat, pulling out her laptop, “got you.”

Soon after finally finding her laptop, Beverly was off to get work done, thanking Will for helping her search and promising to clean the house when she got home. Somehow, Beverly managed to stay entirely oblivious to how much Will was panicking over the whole Hannibal conversation.

Turning straight dudes gay? Well, was Will even straight? He didn’t like to think about it, but usually, he wasn’t kissing random guys, so he didn’t have to think about it.

The basement was Will’s little sanctuary. The top floor of the house was nice, but it was Beverly’s things, not his. In the basement Will felt like he was in his own little boat, away from the world, safe. Today, however, Will did not want to spend much time down there at all.

The stranger, Beverly’s colleague or whatever he had called himself, Hannibal, had looked so nice in Will’s room. Annoyingly nice, sitting on Will’s bed, Hannibal in his silly business casual party attire with his silly little hand-rolled joint. Will didn’t want to envision it; he did in fact envision it anyway.

Hannibal had left a mark on Will’s lip with the bite at the end of their kiss. A tiny cut really, a little poke of the canine, leaving a hardly noticeable red dot. Will found himself staring in the mirror at the damn thing for at least an hour.

Chapter End Notes

Filler chapter low-key....setting up some plot for later. I also enjoy writing Bev because she is great, and I loved her in the show. I know that this chapter is mid (and maybe my writing is a bit mid in general) however, I have some fun little plot plans and I am excited to expand on this...

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Eventually, Will moved on from his interaction with the stranger at Beverly's party. The cut healed within a couple of days, Will finished the research paper he'd been working on, his new internship started, and Beverly left to visit family for the summer. Frankly, the world kept spinning. Or, more aptly, the world kept spinning until it abruptly stopped when Hannibal turned up at Will's new job.

Originally, Will had wanted to take a position in a forensics lab, but, quite literally, and unfortunately, a dog he had been fostering had eaten his application so he didn't get it in on time. He'd settled for a summer position at the local police department helping to log and track down stolen bikes. It was alright work, and it would look decent on a resume, but with most of the students leaving town for summer, he didn't get a lot of action. So, in the true spirit of a boring desk job, Will was so engrossed in the book he was reading that he didn't even notice when Hannibal came in.

"Hello," The voice startled Will so much that he didn't even notice the somewhat familiar unidentified accent before snapping his head up and beginning to apologize.

"Sorry-" Will was closing his book, keeping a finger inside to mark his page, "Oh, hello Hannibal."

For a brief second, Will internally cringed at his own choice of words. He didn't want Hannibal to know that he knew anything about him, even his name, or that he had overthought the kiss for a good few days.

"What are you reading?" Hannibal once again looked annoyingly good in his vaguely business casual attire, making Will continue to wonder what this guy must be doing in his spare time.

Wordlessly, Will flipped the cover-up so Hannibal could read it: *Tidal Force: The Trick to Offshore Louisanna Fishing*.

"Ah, I remembered that you fish," Hannibal said, pausing to rest one hand on the corner of Will's desk, an action that Will found himself keenly aware of, "I am here to report a stolen bicycle."

"You have a bike?" The idea of Hannibal Lecter, in his stupid fancy and neatly pressed outfits, on a bicycle, mildly bewildered Will.

"Well, I suppose had would be a better word for my situation, but yes," Hannibal coyly joked, "I was directed to your desk for such a matter."

“Yeah, sorry,” Will dog-eared the corner of his book and set it down, “uh, had you registered it here before?”

“Yes.”

“Alright, I can print you out a report to fill out.” Will turned on his desktop computer and waited as it booted up.

Hannibal peered over the desk, craning his neck slightly to see what the screen would open to. In return Will shot Hannibal a side glance, indirectly, but clearly, expressing his discomfort with the act. Hannibal returned to standing upright, putting his palms up, eyebrows raised.

“Curious,” Hannibal explained quietly, before resting both of his hands on Will’s desk and returning to a neutral expression.

“Impolite,” Will muttered under his breath, Hannibal smiled.

There was a beat of near-silence as the printer whirred to life, and Will turned and stood to grab the report. When Will turned back around Hannibal had opened the fishing book and was carding through the pages.

“You can fill this out.” Will thrust the paper toward Hannibal, who took the report as Will pulled his book back across his desk and slipped it into a drawer.

“Thank you, Will,” Hannibal gave the paper a cursory look, “do you have a pen?”

Will didn’t reply, but instead simply motioned to the cup of pens obviously placed next to the extra clipboards on his desk. Will did not offer Hannibal a chair as he filed out the paper, and he tried not to watch as Hannibal stood and began detailing his information on the form.

Finally, Hannibal passed the clipboard he had taken to Will, and Will removed the form. It was written in the cleanest cursive writing Will had ever seen, and if not for avoiding coming off as unprofessional at his new job, Will would’ve rolled his eyes.

“Alright, if anything comes up we will contact you.” Fully expecting the conversation to be over, Will looked back to his computer and began navigating to where he needed to enter the information on the form.

“Are you free tonight, Will?”

The question caught will entirely off-guard.

“What?”

“I asked if you are free tonigh-” Hannibal repeated before Will abruptly cut him off.

“Yeah, I mean, I heard you but, why?” Will asked, eyes sharply focused on Hannibal, the job at hand quickly forgotten.

“I would like to see you,” Hannibal said simply, seemingly unphased by Will’s surprised and potentially, unreadably, maybe somewhat repulsed reaction.

“You’re seeing me right now,” Will retaliated, and Hannibal smiled again.

“Yes,” Hannibal laughed a little, “but preferably, I would like to see you outside of our current situation.”

Will scrutinized Hannibal’s expression, trying and failing to understand what was causing Hannibal to ask this. Was he being hit on?

“Okay,” Will replied, unsure what he wanted.

“You are free?” The question hung in the air for a moment as Will paused to mull over his answer in his head.

“Maybe,” Will finally decided on maybe.

“What time do you get off? I could meet you at your place.” Hannibal offered.

“Five.”

“I’ll arrive at six then,” Hannibal turned to leave, but paused to call back, “Let me know about the bicycle, I truly hope it turns up.”

Chapter End Notes

So here is a little more even....yippee. Kinda so fun to write this. Hope you like it.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!